

John
Howarth

hauled
sandstone
from
Crook
Quarry
for building
of wasatch
Stake Tabernacle

died in infancy; William Eaton Horner, Jr., who married Amanda Jane Smith, and Sarah Horner, who married Thomas Clotworthy.

JOHN HOWARTH



In 1866, John Howarth and his wife and son Peter sailed for America, it requiring seven weeks to cross the Atlantic. When they reached America they joined Captain

Thomas Todd's ox team company and started out for Utah.

They arrived in Salt Lake City on September 29, 1866.

John served in the Black Hawk Indian War, he being a guard over the fort. He played the flute under Captain Thomas Todd's Infantry in 1866.

After arriving in Heber City he built a one-roomed log house on the corner of Second North and Fourth West (as it is now known). It had a dirt roof and floor. He hauled sandrock from Crook rock quarry by ox team for the building of Wasatch Stake Tabernacle.

His wife died in childbirth, leaving him with two children.

She emigrated to America on September 2, 1874, being the first member of her family to come to America. It required six weeks at this time to cross the ocean. After crossing the plains and arriving in Utah, she came to Provo, where she obtained work in the woolen mills. There she taught Reed Smoot how to weave. After marrying John Howarth, their life was devoted to farming, raising hay, grain, potatoes, peas, and sugar beets. They each worked in the different organizations of the LDS Church.

Children: John and Ann.

ELLEN MONKS HOWARTH

Ellen Monks Howarth was born August 21, 1810, in West Houton, Lancashire, England, and died February 5, 1888. She was the daughter of Paul and Elizabeth Monks. She married John Howarth in Lancashire, England, January 10, 1954.

Children: There were twelve, only five emigrating to Utah, namely, Amelia Reiser Holgate, Elizabeth Booth, Martha Allison, Rachel Fortie Giles and John Howarth.

Like many of the faithful pioneers of Utah, the subject of this sketch, Ellen Monks Howarth, was born in England and joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in her native land.

Ellen was born August 21, 1810, in West Houton, Lancashire, England, daughter of Paul and Elizabeth Monks. When but a young girl she married John Howarth of Lancashire, England, to them being born 12 children, three sons and nine daughters. Three of the girls died while yet young, the remainder growing to maturity.

John Howarth, father of this family, died a young man, leaving Ellen with a large family of children to support. He was a coal miner and had gone to the mine to do some extra labor in a wet part, and from damp and exposure contracted a cold, which developed into pneumonia, from which he later died on January 10, 1854. Ellen and her unmarried children left England and came to Utah, traveling by train from New York to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, then by wagon train in the John R. Murdock company. They left Fort Laramie on July 27, 1868, for Salt Lake City and on to Heber City, Utah, where she remained until her death, February 5, 1888.

ANN KIRKMAN HOWARTH



My mother's father, James Kirkman, was born September 8, 1822, at Breightmet, Lancashire, England, and died February 27, 1874. Her mother, Mary Haslem, was born January 20, 1823, at Tong, Lancashire, England, and died May 22, 1880. Her father was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on November 21, 1843, at Breightmet, by Thomas Livsey, and was confirmed by Samuel Ramsden. He was ordained a Teacher on September 23, 1849, by Samuel Ramsden, and a Priest on May 4, 1851, also by Elder Ramsden, and an Elder on May 15, 1856, by William Smith.

Their first child, Ellen, was born October 20, 1844, so this shows that all their children were born in the Church. My mother, Ann Kirkman, was the fourth child and was born on October 9, 1850, at Dorcy Leaver, England, and was baptized on September 20, 1861, by her father, and on the 29th she was confirmed by Joseph Booth.

She worked at Grey's weaving mills, beginning at the age of seven. When she de-

cided to come to Zion she very capably handled four looms at a time.

She lived at Leaver Bridge Ferris, Dorcy Leaver, which consisted of eight houses in a row.

The Kirkman home life portrayed Mormonism perfectly, because of the peace, joy and love which abounded there. Songs of Zion were sung and music was played which contributed to the harmonious atmosphere and helped them to enjoy the spirit of the gospel. This family was the only one in the village belonging to the Church, and they must have been ridiculed in the usual way.

She was the first member of the family to leave her native land to come to Zion, her father having died seven months before she left home. He was president of the Bolton Branch, Manchester Conference, for years before his death and was very sorry that he was unable to convince everybody to see and understand the gospel as he did.

Mother was a member of the Sunday School choir of this branch, taking part in all the activities of the branch. Leaving her mother, five sisters and two brothers for the gospel, she emigrated to Utah on September 2, 1874, and was six weeks crossing the ocean. Her mother did not want her to come to Zion, as so many stories about polygamy had been circulated giving the impression that all the missionaries wanted them to come for was to marry them. When she first told her mother she wanted to emigrate, her mother told her she would cut her throat before she would permit it, and mother was quite frightened and couldn't sleep for many nights for fear her mother would carry out her threats.

When she knew that mother was determined, she decided it was best to let her come, and consequently went to the dock with her and gave mother a shilling, which she kept until the day of her death. As the boat sailed out to sea they waved their handkerchiefs at each other until they were out of sight. After the death of her mother, which occurred in 1880, four sisters and a brother came to this country, and they all died with the exception of two sisters. One sister never left England, and she told mother if she came to Utah she would not write the scratch of a pen, and she kept her word. Later she left the Church and

joined the Church of England for her husband's sake, and died in April, 1924.

Mother's Uncle Robert Kirkman emigrated to Zion in September, 1856, bringing his family, and their five-month-old baby boy died, as did he also, and they were buried on the plains in the same grave on November 11, 1856. When mother was crossing the plains she had a funny feeling which she was unable to describe and when she saw her aunt, Mary Kirkman, she related the incident to her, giving her the location, and her aunt said it was the place where Uncle Robert was buried. This particular foreknowledge was given to mother as a spiritual gift and she often had a feeling of things not being exactly as they should. In every case the feeling was over her at the time something did happen or would happen. After arriving in Utah, mother went to Springville and lived with her Aunt Mary Kirkman. Later she went to Provo and worked in the woolen mills, where she taught Reed Smoot to weave, and when the yarn was tangled he came and took mother by the arm, saying: "Come on, Ann, and show me what to do." And this source of service was a great joy, to help all with their weaving.

When the missionaries were in their home in England, she used to have their shoes polished and ready every Sunday morning, and President Abraham C. Hatch had the privilege while on his mission to stay there.

Mother never was inside a school room and could not write nor read, because of working in the mills so young. She was frail and sickly from the time she was a small child till she was married, but she learned a great deal from father, who read to her, and she was mentally quick. He taught her to bake bread, as she never had done any cooking or housework, but when she died, at the age of 76, she was a wonderful cook and her housekeeping was tops. Her pies would melt in your mouth, and I have heard neighbors say they used to enjoy going to mother's house because she was so clean one could almost eat off the floor.

While mother was in Provo she stayed at the home of John Booth and it was through him that father and mother were married, as father and Brother Booth were steady correspondents. Father went to Provo in an ox team to get mother and they con-

tinued on to Salt Lake City, where they were married in the Endowment House on October 4, 1875. To this union eight children were born, four girls and four boys. She reared these children until they were all grown men and women. Father died on May 25, 1904, and her eldest son, who was 28 years of age June 3, 1905, died. He left a wife and a child, and a second child was born in August and mother gave them a home and the best care possible.

The death of father and son was a great blow to her, but through it all she never complained, for her faith in the gospel assured her that she had been greatly blessed by leaving all that was dear and near to her to come and embrace the truth. She was a Relief Society teacher and visited the homes, gathered wheat, made quilts and paid her offerings. She used to take her little babies to the field and shock grain, glean wheat, pick ground cherries, and do all those pioneer duties that women had to do.

She was a hard worker and never failed to do her duty to her husband or her family. Her work was housecleaning, washing, ironing and anything to make an honest living. Providing for the family fell on her shoulders after father became so old he was unable to help, and we must remember that he was 20 years older than mother. She was a widow for 23 years.

In 1910 she was visited by her four sisters, and it was the first time they had all been together in 36 years. This proved to be a very happy reunion, as they all went to the Salt Lake Temple and did work for their father and mother, and then they were all sealed to them.

Mother lived on the same corner for 32 years and the old log house was torn down in 1906 and a new frame house erected in its place. She moved into this new house the day before Thanksgiving. She had previously sold five acres of hay land in the north field to Andrew Lindsay, which furnished the finance with which to build. She was very comfortable in it and was happy to have her children near, so they could come often and visit with her. When bidding someone farewell she would never say goodbye, as that to her meant forever, and so it was "So long."

The poor and needy had her help always, and though her trials were many,

HEBER BIOGRAPHIES

she never failed to raise her voice and thank her Heavenly Father for His mercy and blessings to her family. The last 10 years of her life she was miserable with rheumatism, which kept her from doing the things she would have liked to have done. One time she was burning the trash and the wind carried the sparks to the pig pen, which was badly damaged, but she was able to save the pigs. In 1926 they had another fire that destroyed the straw stack, car shed and some pigeons, and they were very fortunate in extinguishing it without further damage.

She passed away on April 29, 1927, at the age of 76, and has five living children, 37 grandchildren, and 34 great-grandchildren, who honor her memory and are thankful that she died strong in the faith.